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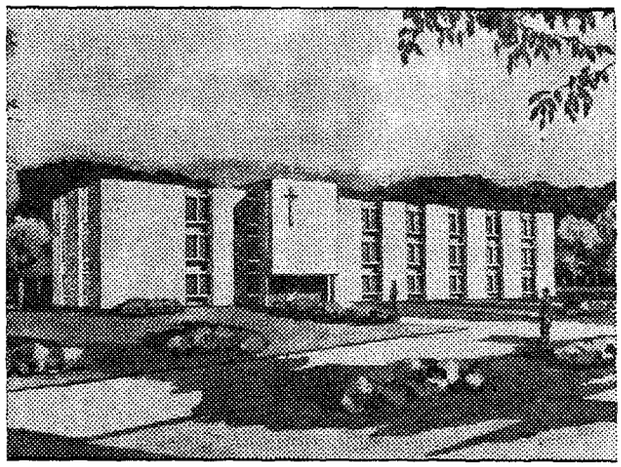

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232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
JAMES O'GARA, *Managing Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN, *Associate Editor*
WALTER ARNOLD, JR., *Assistant Editor*

RICHARD GILMAN, *Drama Critic*
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JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

Second-class postage paid at Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U. and published weekly, except biweekly from mid-July to 1 September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Comm weal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

America's Idle Youth

OF ALL of this nation's present social ills, few are more crucial than the growing incidence of out-of-school youths unable to get a start in life. Roughly million young people, nearly one-fifth of all our nemployed, find themselves in this plight. The fact hat their physical and psychological energies are t a peak intensifies their feelings of frustration, ebelliousness and "what's the use." Realization by upils that they have the barest prospects of getting start leads to an indifference toward study that epresses school morale and academic standards. he doubling of juvenile delinquency court cases in ie past decade is hardly surprising.

If the unemployment rate among young workers two and one half times the national average, it still higher for those who have dropped out of hool and for Negroes and other minority groups. loreover, it is estimated that in the next decade rty per cent more young people will enter the merican labor market than during the 1950's. They ill be seeking gainful places in an economy which ntinues to expand too slowly to provide a com-ensurate number of openings, and one in which oduction and administration are becoming in-easingly automated. Who would deny that some-ing must be done about this bleak prospect that blighting America's youth?

That is the compelling reason behind President ennedy's special message to Congress on the uth problem and his exhortation that the compre-nsive measure which he recommends be one of e first acted on by each House. He seeks a "Youth nployment Opportunities Act," which would or-nize a conservation corps for forest and recreation eas and for local municipal projects. While these tivities would be useful in themselves, their chief rpose would be to provide work experience for e "unemployed, unskilled and unwanted." For e non-profit community services in schools, hospitals, parks and settlement houses, the federal government would supply one-half the wages and costs, A modest appropriation of one hundred millions would be required for the first year.

At the same time the President would extend similar opportunities for skilled people of all ages, expanding the Peace Corps, because of its universal popularity and success. He would at the same time establish a domestic peace corps, a small select group to work under local direction and professional personnel and help out in such neglected areas as mental health centers, hospitals, Indian reservations and city and rural slums—as well as among the families of migratory workers.

TO WHAT EXTENT is the President's program adequate to the task? The total number envisaged for the first year's opportunity program is fifteen thousand. Could it be that his recognition of the problem, with the small-scale remedy Mr. Kennedy proposes, is only a political gesture on his part? For one thing he affirmed in his message to Congress that "states and local communities . . . have the primary responsibility of supplementing the family effort in protecting and promoting the interests of children and youth." In this context the modest sums allocated from Washington to assist municipalities and states would function as a stimulus to local initiative. Moreover, it seems very unlikely that a Congress which is much like its predecessor and equally hard-pressed budget-wise would appropriate the sums required to meet the problem head-on on a nationwide scale. For this reason the fears of some that this would create a present-day counterpart of the Civilian Conservation Corps, a new federal bureaucracy, would appear groundless.

The importance of the youth employment program outlined by the President is largely symbolical. It would represent a fresh start. It would set up a series of pilot projects that would show the

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way to other localities. It would be decentralized, with local authorities in control. By stimulating states and municipalities to set up such opportunities for useful work experience for young people who need it most, the program could lead to the multiplication of such projects on the part of smaller, non-government agencies—parishes, local industrial plants, educational institutions, union locals and the like. Assuredly the task is urgent and extensive enough to call upon all the social resources in our various communities.

Black Boxes, etc.

WHAT promised to be the first real discussion of the possibility of a nuclear test ban has once again broken off with the offended soliloquizing of the Soviet Union. The Russians were ready to sign an agreement, so they said, but only on their own terms. They were not any more ready to bargain than before, despite appearances. If they do not want to bargain, then why do they come to the table at all, one might reasonably ask.

It hardly seems likely that the difference between three and eight inspections a year or between three and seven black detection boxes is the true cause for the Soviets' intransigence. There may be some truth in the rumors that pressure from Peking is responsible for the Soviets' reassertion of a "hard line" in negotiations. Maybe they simply fear falling behind in armaments. Whatever the reason, there seems little hope now of securing a test ban agreement at Geneva in the current negotiations, despite any renewed pleas that Mr. Foster, the United States' capable new disarmament chief, can make.

If all efforts fail to renew the current talks, two sorts of counsels of despair can be expected to reappear. On the one hand, there will be no lack of those who will urge the United States to break off all attempts at negotiation and to continue testing with a vengeance. On the other hand, we may expect a renewed plea for the United States to declare a unilateral moratorium on nuclear testing. It is hard to say which alternative represents the "tough" and which the "tender-minded" response.

Once again, however, neither alternative is in fact realistic. There is at least some reason to suppose that the Soviets do ultimately want a feasible test ban agreement. Compromises thought to have been inconceivable a few months ago have already been made. The fact that the Soviet Union will allow any territorial inspections at all is a greatly encouraging sign. Besides, to continue poisoning earth and air without at least equal efforts to stop it is simply unconscionable.

On the other hand, the risks implied in a uni lateral suspension of nuclear tests are also too grea to make that a conscionable response. The Soviet cannot either be coerced into negotiation by a re newal of testing with a vengeance or shamed int it by shining example. Only when it becomes plai that a control of nuclear weapons heralded by test ban is in their own vital interest as well as th world's can they be expected to follow through o declarations of good faith.

In the meantime it is to our best interest, as wel as the world's, to continue driving for a bargain a Geneva. Every effort should be made, too, to ge the neutral nations to press harder for continue negotiations. A ground swell of indignant worl opinion could very possibly turn the tide.

Interpreting the Council

WITH THE end of the first session of Vatican I now close to three months past, the world e expectantly awaits the re-convening of the Counc on September 8. At that time, according to a r cent encyclical of Pope John, the Council will r main in session "until the work is completed." The is thus a good prospect that, before the year is ou one of the great councils in the history of th Church will come to an end; then we will see th final fruit of the extraordinary excitement whic has gripped Catholics for the past four years.

What will be the fruits? This is a question whic has been asked many times, by Catholics and no Catholics. But until the last vote has been take at the Council, no answer can be given. Yet th question has come, in recent weeks, to have mo than the usual relevance. The main reason for th development has been the complaint of some bis ops and theologians that the secular press distort the results and misread the trends of the first se sion. In particular, some common criticisms are th the divisions of opinion among the bishops ha been exaggerated; that the Curia (and especial Cardinal Ottaviani) has been subjected to consi erable abuse; and that the "progressives" have be lionized in a way unfair to the "conservatives."

We are not certain what to make of these co plaints. That the "progressives" have, in fact, r ceived a better press, seems to us indisputable. Th the Curia has received more than its share of u favorable notices seems likewise undeniable. E is all this really surprising? We think not. For fr the first announcement by the Pope in 1959 that planned to call a council, the world has been giv to believe that reform and renewal were to be essential aims. And the great interest in the Cou

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il has stemmed from precisely that part of its ork. To go one step further, it appears that most atholics (and many interested non-Catholics) ant a vital renewal in the Church; hence, it is gain not surprising that public reaction should avor those trends which point in that direction.

It is perfectly possible, of course, that in its enusiasm for the trend which emerged during the rst session, the secular press has been unbalanced its handling of the news. This does not seem to s to have been the case. That it has favored the rces of renewal seems clear; but this is not enough support charges that it has deliberately distorted e views of those who stand on the other side. erhaps the key question underlying these comlaints is the extent to which some involved in the ouncil have (directly or indirectly) made use of e press to amplify their views on the matters der debate; for, clearly, the "leaking" of news to porters by some privy to the Council proceedings as a regular occurrence during the first session.

No News is Bad

PROGRESS is not a word that can be applied to the seventy-odd-day-old newspaper strike and lockout on Manhattan. The city is no longer tolerant of the strike; it is simply numb. The fact is that there is no effective medium of public protest, even though the cry, if heard, would deafen the nation.

One can read, in the Philadelphia papers, that the printers recently registered a unanimous vote supporting the conduct of the negotiations by their union leader, Mr. Bertram A. Powers. Yet his chief strategy seems to be simply not to negotiate at all.

In the meantime, aside from its grievous effects on the general economy of the city, the strike is responsible for the most intangible diminishments of the good life. That is, one must suffer the feeling that nothing very much is taking place in this vast and storied metropolis. One registers that as an illusion and hopes against hope as Governor Rockefeller draws near the bargaining table.

VASHINGTON REPORT

Cuba and the Administration

HERE ARE ominous signs that Cuba may become for e Kennedy Administration the same kind of paralyzg and demoralizing problem that China was for the uman Administration in 1949-52. In each instance, Democratic administration made fundamental misalculations about the substantive nature of the probn and about the response of American public opinion that problem. Once again, the Republican opposition, ger to find a winning issue and regain office, is pressg its advantage and will not be deterred by any t talk about bipartisanship.

The principal question now is whether Mr. Kennedy s the powers of leadership to find a solution to the ban problem and to counter effectively his partisan tics. It cannot be said that on either point his recent ord is encouraging. Almost all of the forward momenn which he gained by his admirable management of Cuban crisis last October has been dissipated.

With the emergency passed, Mr. Kennedy has resed into the same wavering uncertainty that beiled his policy toward Cuba before October. He welned the ransomed prisoners from the Bay of Pigs asion with a bellicose speech hinting at early liberon. But this soon proved to be a gesture as unconted with actual policy as the Republican campaign tory of 1952 about the liberation of eastern Europe, the President this month confessed that he could foresee any early end to Castro's rule.

Instead of organizing a radical alternative to Castro, the President contented himself with exhorting the Cuban exiles to sink their differences and unite. This is like telling the Mensheviks, the Constitutional Democrats, and the pro-Tsarist Whites to unite against the Bolsheviks in 1918. The differences among the Cuban exiles are the kind men fight and die about. If the United States is to make any use of the exiles and the underground, we must make a political choice among them.

At the same time, Mr. Kennedy has taken toward his political critics on this issue a defensive and unconvincing line of argument, unconvincing because, as in the case of President Truman and Secretary Acheson on China a dozen years ago, it clearly reflects a desperate wish that the problem would go away rather than the lordly self-confidence of policymakers who have a policy and know what they are about. Once Mr. Truman made the basic decision in 1948-49 not to intervene militarily in China and to let the catastrophe of the Chinese Communist victory proceed on its way, he had no policy except, in that memorably unhappy phrase, "to let the dust settle." Similarly, Mr. Kennedy, having made the basic decision not to liberate Cuba by military force, now has no policy except to hope that somehow time and events will cause the Castro regime to disappear.

In my judgment, the decisions on China and Cuba

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were wrong. If the United States had intervened in China in 1948-49, Communist expansion could have been checked on the mainland itself. If South China had been held, we would not now be worried about the loss of Tibet, the probable loss of Laos, our deepening involvement in South Vietnam, and the difficulty of propping up India militarily. The United States could have stabilized the division between Communist and Nationalist China at no greater cost to ourselves than the 150,000 casualties we subsequently suffered fighting the Chinese on the much less important front in Korea. Because we did not intervene, we have spent the past fifteen years fighting enormously expensive and unrewarding rear-guard actions to contain Chinese power around the periphery of Asia.

Again, if we had intervened in Cuba in 1961 or 1962, we would not now be worrying about a Soviet military base ninety miles off our shore.

TO OFFER the judgment that the decisions on China and Cuba were wrong, however, is not to deny that there were strong and respectable arguments on the other side. The difficulty is that they are arguments that the American people, because of our national experience and outlook, are not prepared to accept and that American Presidents do not really believe in either.

It is all very well for critics to talk about America's "illusion of omnipotence," but Americans know we are in a life-and-death struggle with the Communist bloc and that if Western civilization is to survive, it will be mostly up to us to do the saving. The loss of the mainland of Asia and of an island right off our shores are major defeats for us. If nothing can be done to prevent such losses or to recoup them, then the explanations for doing nothing have to be very good indeed. And Presidents who fall back upon them have to be consistent.

It may have been unwise, for example, to have put American troops on the mainland of Asia in 1948, but that did not prevent Mr. Truman from tying up almost all our entire land army on a peninsula of Asia (Korea) in 1950. Again, it may be a technical violation of Cuba's sovereignty to invade, but that did not prevent Mr. Kennedy from organizing such an invasion by proxy in April, 1961.

There are two ways of looking at the Communist menace. For want of better words, we can call them the conservative way and the liberal way. Conservatives see the Communist threat as partly political and propagandistic but essentially military in nature. China and Russia are aggressive empires who rule by force and whose expansion must be checked by force. Liberals see the Communist threat as partly political and propagandistic but essentially economic in nature. China and Russia are revolutions gone wrong and their appeal can best be countered by meeting the economic needs of the world's impoverished people. Clearly, there is a substantial measure of truth in both these ways of looking at Communism.

The difficulty in America, and this difficulty has existed since the Cold War began in 1946, is that these conservative and liberal explanations are set in contradiction to one another. Each is used to answer the other. But since these explanations are addressed to different aspects of the Communist problem, they do not really contradict or refute one another.

If we take a comprehensive view, we recognize that under some circumstances, the conservative analysis and prescription are correct and, under other circumstances the liberal ones are correct. There is also a time factor. The liberal solutions (foreign aid, Food for Peace, the Peace Corps, technical assistance) need a long time for their success. In some countries, that time is not available. The conservative, military solution is quick, as in Greece and Guatemala, but to have lasting good effect requires a liberal follow-up.

Mr. Kennedy, however, is back in the dismaying business of trying to counter the conservative analysis with the liberal one. Thus, in his press conference on February 7, he insisted that we should look away from Cuba and concentrate on the hunger, illiteracy, and economic miseries of Latin America. But, important as it is, the Alliance for Progress is not an answer to Castro.

Castro did not lead a revolution of hungry peasants and workers; he led and then betrayed a middle-class revolution. He came to power by military force and he now rules by military force. No number of better fed babies, literate mothers, and gainfully employed fathers in northeast Brazil is going to have any effect on Soviet guns and jet fighters in Cuba. The President only trivializes the grand conception of the Alliance for Progress when he uses it to distract attention from our defeat in Cuba. Liberals made the same mistake in 1949-50 when they put forward the infant Point Four program as in all seriousness a riposte to Mao's triumph.

Defense Secretary McNamara's televised intelligence briefing was a tactical error. It was as defensive in nature as Dean Acheson's labored, wordy explanations about China used to be. McNamara was cogent and impressive as always but, naturally, he could not answer the fundamental question: how did we ever allow affairs to drift into such a state that continuous air surveillance of a once friendly island is necessary? Since he could not answer that question, it would have been better for the Administration if it had taken a high tone toward its partisan critics, pretending that the Cuban military threat was not reasonably a subject for discussion.

Having joined in the debate, Mr. Kennedy and his advisers may well find that, like Mr. Truman and Dean Acheson, they have a long and sticky way to go.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(William V. Shannon is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.)

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Extremism and All That

'EMPERAMENTALLY, I am not the ideologue type. have to admit, though, that there is much to be said or the all-or-nothing approach, in politics and in religion.

The drawbacks first. The ideologue is the true believer, and he sees issues in simple, black-and-white erms. The good guys are all on his side, and they are ure as driven snow. The bad guys are in the opposition, nd they are as bad as they can get.

For the ideologue, there are no in-betweens, no complexities. You're either with him or against him, and you're against him it is not because of a difference in rudential judgment but because of a fatal flaw in our character. Issues are not just issues; they are part f a great and unending crusade.

All this normally makes the ideologue pretty hard abide. Politics is the art of the possible, as various undits have pointed out, and I agree, by and large. ut over-exposure to the politics of compromise sometimes makes the ideologue unexpectedly appealing.

Take, just by way of example, President Kennedy's ax cut program. If it is anything, the program should e practical. By that I mean the tax cuts make sense nly if they will really stimulate the economy so much iat government revenue increases rather than deeases.

I don't like taxes better than anyone else, but I on't see how any of us can claim that we are suffering nduly from them, in the light of the world situation. ndeed, I doubt that the amount of money going to ublic rather than private uses is at all adequate in the ce of the internal and external challenges we face. hat's why I say the President's tax cuts make sense nly if they will produce more tax revenue. Ask not what our country can do for you but what you can do for our country, the President said when he was inaugurated. It's a long way from that to tax cuts in the richest ation in the world.

Knocking tax cuts is no way to get popular, of course. nd there is no doubt that the proposed reductions e popular, with business, with labor, and with most conomists. The theory is simple enough—too simple, erhaps. Every dollar that is cut from taxes, the reasoning goes, will multiply three or four times over in terms production and sales. People will buy more goods, dustry will invest more to expand production, unnployment will drop despite increased automation. Maybe it will work. Enough reputable economists ndorse the idea to make it hard for a non-economist argue against it. But, and this is really my point ere, it can only work if it is done quickly and fully. here is no room for compromise. If the cuts are delayed too long or if they are compromised into insubstantiality, our last state will be worse than our first.

In short, the tax cut problem calls for an all-or-nothing approach. The same thing is true in foreign aid. We talk and talk about the problem, assuring ourselves that much of the future depends on the fate of the underdeveloped countries. Then foreign aid is attacked as madness sponsored by do-gooders, money down a rathole, etc., etc. In the end we "compromise"—which means that we spend just enough to ease our consciences but not enough to really do the job.

The same thing is true in many other areas of public life. On slum clearance, we compromised and compromised until now the housing program is only a drop in the bucket in the face of the need that exists. In the metropolitan transportation mess, we compromise by building more roads to make the problem worse, while ignoring the need for public money in the "private" railroads and transit systems. On the race question we have done the same thing over the years, with the result that in the North we have token integration and in the South we are still waiting—after how many years? —for the moderates to make themselves heard.

When it comes to religion, moderation is a little hard to defend in theory. There's always the Roman golden mean, but the fate of the lukewarm is too clearly spelled out in Holy Scripture for comfort. In practice, though, most of us manage to live with this uncomfortable Gospel maxim rather easily. I can't say I find much tendency to religious "extremism" in myself or most of the people I know—in fact, heroic virtue seems to appeal mostly to the young, and we manage to kill the tendency rather early in life.

Thus on this business of free speech and self-criticism inside the Church, I tend to think of myself as a moderate. I can see how much progress has been made in the last fifteen years—how much in even the last year. The Church combines the divine and the human, and I know how slowly things human change. All these factors temper my views.

But I don't pride myself on this fact; I simply recognize it. I am not at all sure that those who refuse to settle for less than perfection right now are not more correct. I am not at all sure that the reform and renewal of the Church we are seeking will not be helped more by "extremism" than by moderation. The Church needs saints. If God raised up among us a great saint to help in the reform and renewal of the Church, would he or she be a "moderate" or an "extremist"? I can't claim to know, but every now and then I have an uncomfortable feeling that the saint would leave the middle of the road to the rest of us. JAMES O'GARA

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Edward Marciniak

Breaking the Housing Barrier

In the dual housing market both the seller and the buyer are victims

NEGROES claim they pay high prices when they buy property in previously all-white neighborhoods. Whites claim that housing prices are depressed when Negroes move in. How can both claims be true?

During the past year at public hearings in New York City, Chicago, and Detroit, three cities with large and expanding non-white populations, witnesses testified that a third man, the speculator, takes out the difference. He buys at low prices from panicky whites and resells at high prices to incoming Negro families.

Item: In a New York City block twenty-five of its fifty-seven houses were bought up by speculators from old-time white residents for $7,000 to $11,000 and resold to Puerto Rican and Negro families for $12,000 to $14,000 and as high as $18,000.

Item: A study by the Chicago Commission on Human Relations of a block in the Englewood neighborhood on the southwest side found that speculators were buying cheap (from whites) and selling expensive (to Negroes)—with a resale mark-up of 35 to 115 per cent.

Item: In a special survey of real estate transfers, the Greater Milwaukee Council of Churches uncovered a case where a house purchased for $8,000 from a white owner was resold the next day to a Negro for $11,500, another where a white-owned house was sold for $5,035 to a speculator who within two months found a Negro buyer for $13,000.

According to Chicago realtor John W. Baird, president of the Metropolitan Housing and Planning Council, the "speculator is able to make these high profits and continues to make money because there are two housing markets—Negro and white. Who are the victims of this dual housing market? The white home-owner who sells his property to the speculator at less than its fair market value is one victim. The Negro purchaser who buys the property at a price exceeding its value is another."

In the urban centers of the North and West, the speculator, who may be white or Negro, makes his living by transferring real estate from the white market to the Negro. To obtain housing, whites have only to shop in any established realty outlet. Since the same outlets are generally closed to Negro buyers, the speculator specializes in locating homes—inside the white market—for resale to Negroes. The Negro who wants to own a home but finds his opportunities restricted considers the speculator a blessing. The white home-owner who wants to channel Negro movement elsewhere regards the speculator as a rascal.

A Chicago speculator rationalized his operations in these words: "Sure I deal in the black market. If I didn't, someone else would. I give badly needed service. I find homes for Negroes willing and able to buy. Because my risks are high, I need higher returns. As long as white realtors are allergic to Negro business, I've got a future. I live off segregation. When it goes, so will I."

THE MAJOR social engineers of the dual housing market are the local real estate boards, joined together nationally in one of the nation's most influential trade groups, the National Association of Real Estate Boards. By refusing to do business with Negroes (except occasionally in all-Negro areas) and by restricting their multiple listing service to whites (and occasionally to gentiles), local boards have institutionalized the dual market. With rare exceptions, they exclude Negro brokers from membership, thus denying Negro brokers the copyrighted title of *realtor*, a privilege of board membership. Inevitably, Negro brokers have set up their own trade association (with the same initials) the National Association of Real Estate Brokers, copyrighted their own title, *realtist*, and developed a duplicate mechanism to serve the Negro home-buying market.

In self-defense, *realtors* protest that it is not their business to remodel local prejudices and that in refusing to show homes to Negroes (and on other occasions to Jews, Italians, Orientals, or Catholics) they merely reflect the community consensus. Without doubt their appraisal of neighborhood attitudes towards Negro neighbors has usually been correct, though today there are hundreds of successfully integrated communities where realtors' attitudes lagged behind those of the property owners'. To no avail have realtors been reminded that they have not been reluctant, on the other

EDWARD MARCINIAK, formerly editor of *Work* and a previous contributor to The Commonweal, is Executive Director of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations.

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hand, to launch a well-organized campaign to reverse prevailing opinion friendly to public housing.

The dual housing market, which acts as a gigantic sorting machine to assign Negroes and whites to their proper places, has had the support of lending institutions, which seldom provide mortgage money for Negroes outside well-defined geographical areas. Builders generally accommodate themselves to these selling and lending practices. Many nation-wide insurance companies, operating through local mortgage houses, will not approve loans to Negroes but will sell them life insurance. Similar inconsistencies exist among those banks and savings and loan associations which accept deposits from Negroes but deny them mortgage money.

WHAT has elevated the dual housing market into a social institution of major consequence has been the rapidly expanding Negro population of metropolitan areas. By 1960 nearly thirty per cent (six million) of all U.S. Negroes lived in the nation's twelve large metropolitan areas, all located in the North and West. By 1970 that figure is expected to reach eight million.

Most of this Negro population is concentrated in the older neighborhoods of the central city. To escape these overcrowded ghettos, the growing Negro middle class has either bought new homes in newly created all-Negro neighborhoods (or in all-Negro suburbs!) or purchased existing homes in white communities. It is the latter real estate transaction, in a racially changing neighborhood, which the speculator knows how to exploit.

How does a broker locate property in a neighborhood that is off limits to Negro buyers? He can find a white, third party to front for the Negro. In older white neighborhoods bordering Negro areas, he can wait for families to move out and gradually take over. To hasten the succession, he can sow rumors, excite racial fears, imply that Negroes have already bought into the block, and thus frighten white owners into selling "before it is too late."

As long as Negro demand for housing persists the basic strategy of the speculator remains the same: to panic enough white home-owners to list with him so that he can "turn the block." After whites start moving out, further sales to nonwhites are handled rapidly, but more normally. In neighborhoods slated for change, the speculator's main job, whether white or Negro, is to acquire listings.

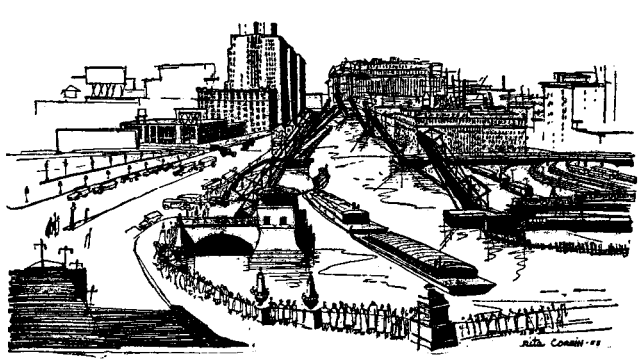
Panic peddling and blockbusting are the terms most commonly used to describe speculator activity. Panic peddling is the more accurate because it highlights tactics designed to arouse racial fears (Do you want your daughter to walk to school with a *big* Negro boy?) and to harass white owners through telephone calls at all hours, repeated door-to-door solicitation, and sharp use of the mail. Blockbusting, of course, is the more colorful word, but it is used to label everything—from a bona-fide transfer of the first property in a block from white to Negro (without any panic-hawking involved) to calculated terrorism designed to break down the resistance of whites hypnotized by the belief that "it will never happen in *our* block."

As long as an accumulated demand for homes exists among Negroes, the mechanics of the dual housing market work against successful integration, i.e., a situation where both Negroes and whites continue to move into the neighborhood. If a neighborhood becomes "available" to Negroes, operators in the Negro housing market, starved for listings to satisfy the demand, try to turn every piece of property over to Negroes. Under these circumstances, any effort to achieve neighborhood integration is undermined.

In a neighborhood or suburb where a Negro family has bought a home for the first time, the dual housing market usually creates a realty vacuum which draws panic peddlers. Realtors who sell to whites in such a block pull out temporaily to see whether the neighborhood "will go colored." When enough Negro families move in so that the block can be written off as Negro, some realtors may return to deal with Negroes, only to find that speculators have skimmed the cream off the market. Two suburban experiences will illustrate the inability of the dual housing market to adjust to a mixed neighborhood.

In a suburb along Chicago's north shore, a white lawyer three years ago found a large house for sale located in a block with one Negro homeowner and within walking distance of a Negro neighborhood. To get a mortgage, he visited six nearby lenders who refused him solely because "that block is going Negro." None of the lenders could understand the lawyer's response: "That block won't go Negro because my family will move in." He did finally find a lender. Today that block has not gone all-Negro. In fact, other whites have bought into the block as has another Negro family.

In an adjoining suburb, where a first Negro family had bought a home, town officials found they had to exert all kinds of pressure to persuade local realtors to continue showing real estate to whites in the block. Never having sold in a block with whites and Negroes



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in it, the realtors' standard reaction was simply to pull out. The turning point finally came when a white family bought a home in the same block. Since then, two other Negro families have moved into different sections of the same suburb. Even though no all-Negro blocks have been created, local realtors will still not show property to Negroes; they are, however, ready to show property to whites in the three blocks where Negro families have moved in.

WHAT the public hearings in New York, Chicago, and Detroit also revealed, however, is that for the first time in the twentieth century the established practices of the twin housing markets are being challenged from within the industry and from without.

The single most important fact has been the remarkable surge of a Negro middle-class in the nation's urban areas, resulting in 630,000 more Negro homeowners in 1959 than 1949. A special study by the Housing and Home Finance Agency of twenty-one metropolitan areas (containing seven million of the nation's nineteen million Negroes) disclosed that the number of nonwhites earning $4,000 a year or more multiplied nearly fifteen times between 1949 and 1959, from 59,000 to almost 940,000. There was an even greater increase—nearly seventeen times—for those with incomes of more than $6,000. A survey, released in December, 1962, by the Advance Mortgage Corporation of Detroit, projected a nonwhite housing demand for 850,000 more homes during the 1960's in all urban areas of the United States.

This multi-billion-dollar business—and multi-million dollars in brokers' commissions—has not gone unnoticed. As the postwar housing boom began to recede in the late 1950's, major lending institutions began to provide money for the expanding Negro market—mostly on a segregated basis. Where in 1949 only a handful of lending houses, often Negro-owned, served a local Negro market, today each big city has a score or more of financial institutions competing for Negro home buyers.

Having found no special troubles with mortgages to Negroes, some large banks and mortgage houses moved to extend such loan operations only to discover that they could no longer serve two masters in the dual housing market. To observe the ground rules of a segregated housing market, they would have to reject solid loans to good Negro risks in substantial neighborhoods. Understandably, some chose to be good businessmen first.

Earl B. Schwulst, chairman of the board of the Bowery Savings Bank, the largest savings bank in the world, recently said: "Lenders and builders are beginning to realize that loans to nonwhites, if subjected to the same screening process as other loans, are sound. This has been our experience and is borne out by other lenders." Several years earlier, in 1958, as chairman of the Commission on Race and Housing which produce five landmark housing studies, Mr. Schwulst recom mended that "mortgage lenders should singly or co lectively discontinue the practice of limiting loans t nonwhite borrowers in certain residential districts. Mor gage credit should be extended to nonwhites in an location on the same terms as to other borrowers."

Though concerned by the ever-increasing volume c Negro home purchases, which passes them by, loc real estate boards have found themselves stymied b their allegiance to the dual housing market. A realt still finds it hard to understand why he cannot juggl two listing services, only one of which is available t Negro customers, without antagonizing them. A hanc ful of realtors, chiefly in metropolitan areas covere by fair housing practices legislation, have learned ho to merchandise real estate to attract both white an Negro buyers or renters.

When the Commission on Race and Housing made nation-wide survey of interracial housing developmen in 1955, it could only identify fifty such projects. Toda in metropolitan New York alone there are over or hundred such developments or large apartment buil ings, in which Negroes or Puerto Ricans live, none which is all or predominantly Negro.

Ferd Kramer, national president of ACTION IN (American Committee to Improve Our Neighborhoods and president of the large realty firm of Draper Kramer, says that Chicago can now "point to certa areas where white and nonwhite families live togeth in harmony. This fact undoubtedly will influence n only other areas in Chicago but also other parts the metropolitan area and, for that matter, other citi in the United States. This dispersion of nonwhite midd income families in the better neighborhoods and su urbs is healthy economically and socially. Moreove it is inevitable."

IN EVERY major city there is a growing number solid, well-respected community organizations who primary aim is to stabilize their neighborhoods by kee ing property up and overcrowding down, all the whi remaining color blind. The pendulum of power a influence in the neighborhood is slowly swinging fro the old property improvement associations (oft formed to keep Negroes out) to community organiz tions which are ready to accept Negroes as neighbc provided that the entrance of a Negro family does n bring "inundation."

Some of these community groups have successful enlisted realtor co-operation not only in preventi panic among white owners upon the entrance of Neg families into the neighborhood, but also in making t community desirable enough so that whites will co tinue moving in. In any given period of time famili will move out for reasons having nothing to do with t

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ace of their newest neighbors. Their homes or apartments will all be occupied by Negroes if no white families are interested. Inevitably, such a neighborhood becomes predominantly Negro. Slowly but surely, realtor experience with neighborhoods and suburbs that have integrated without being inundated is finding its way on the agenda of local real estate boards.

As the chemistry of housing supply and demand has started to dissolve the dual market from within, government action from without is now hastening the process. For decades federal, state and city money has been used to bolster the double market. As recently as twenty years ago, the Federal Housing Administration recommended race-restrictive covenants in developments which it insured. Since then, the federal government and state and local bodies in the North have done an about-face.

Twelve states and three cities, since 1955, have adopted legislation to curb racial and religious discrimination in the *private* housing market. President Kennedy's executive order, issued last November, banned discrimination not only in the government's own housing activities but also by private builders and lenders who benefit from federal aid. It is too early to measure the effect of the federal decision to market—without racial restriction—tens of thousands of homes repossessed through FHA and VA foreclosures. Already, alert brokers have hustled such properties and produced, for the first time, "salt and pepper" suburbs in some metropolitan areas, notably Detroit.

However, no revolutionary impact upon the dual housing market is expected. Earlier experience with federal executive orders and state laws dealing with fair employment indicates that such government action prompts and ensures steady progress but, even after a decade, does not succeed in wiping out racial and religious discrimination. Furthermore, while deeply concerned about their right to purchase anywhere in the metropolis, middle-income Negroes have yet to demonstrate any widespread willingness to exercise that right—once it is established—by buying into all-white suburbs when quality homes are also available in all-Negro neighborhoods. The dispersion of Negroes throughout the metropolis will come faster than realtors expect but slower than civil rights advocates urge.

Government action is a public vote of no-confidence in the future of the dual housing market. It will encourage other builders and brokers to emerge and cater to a market in which buyers and sellers alike ignore race and religion.

TEPHANIE GERVIS

Stevenson at the U.N.

Has his prestige been tarnished?

TEWART ALSOP's "Footnote for the Historians" in the January 26th issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* may very well succeed in stirring up the embers of the controversy started by his and Charles Bartlett's original story in the issue of December 8th. Whether the controversy will be revived or not, the original story, charging that Adlai Stevenson favored a course that would have turned the Cuban crisis into "another Munich," occasioned a most interesting refutation by John L. Steele in the December 14th issue of *Life*. The *Time-Life* Washington Bureau Chief ended his defense of the United Nations Ambassador with what he seems to consider a certainty.

"The consequence of the Alsop-Bartlett story," Mr. Steele wrote, "and of the President's hesitancy in denouncing it directly, served to undercut Ambassador Stevenson's position in representing the U.S. at the United Nations. His prestige there, so carefully developed, has been tarnished." But has it?

To answer this question, it is necessary to understand that the prestige of a delegate to the United Nations is based first and foremost on the country he represents and the power it is capable of exerting. Consequently, the heads of the U.S. and Soviet delegations are *ipso facto* the two most prestigious delegates at the U.N. It quite naturally follows that the more influence a delegate is believed to have in his own government, the greater is his prestige.

If, under these circumstances, President Kennedy had not countered the *Post* article with his "Dear Adlai" letter, extending to the Ambassador his "fullest confidence and best wishes," there is no question that Stevenson's effectiveness at the U.N. would indeed have been seriously "undercut." But the letter was written and publicized, and it made it quite clear that Adlai

EPHANIE GERVIS, a previous contributor, who has written for e *Nation* and other periodicals, covers the U.N. for the *Village* oice.

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Stevenson would continue to be the man other representatives would have to deal with, if they had any business with the United States at the U.N.

If the other delegates had any doubts before the President's letter, they were not willing then, and are not willing now, to discuss them. Like all politicians, they are practical men, and in practical terms Adlai Stevenson is the representative of one of the world's two great powers. As such, he is capable of the worst threats and the biggest promises.

Since the very nature of his function does not permit a diplomat to be any better than the government he represents, many at the U.N. who admired Stevenson the intellectual, the orator, the leader of the opposition and eloquent critic of the Administration, are disappointed in Stevenson the ambassador. Their basic criticism of him is not that he follows the Kennedy policy line, that he was a party to deceit at the time of the Bay of Pigs and that he was a party to power politics in the latest Cuban crisis. They understand that this is his job, and that once he accepted it he was obligated not only to present but to advocate U.S. government policy or quit.

Their basic criticism is that he took the job in the first place. They feel that in doing so he put himself in a position where he would necessarily have to compromise his own principles—his verbal and written expressions of which had won their admiration—to do the bidding of another.

But in the eyes of those who have come to accept Stevenson as a representative of the Kennedy regime, he may be in a better position than ever because, in a sense, he now has it both ways. In presenting his government's case on Cuba, he showed a toughness that equaled the policy he was outlining—a toughness that inspired second thoughts in those delegates who may have underestimated his capacity for power politics. On the other hand, the press reports that in the inner sanctum Stevenson urged negotiations reassured those at the U.N. who feared that what they had considered the strongest voice of reason and moderation in the U.S. government was joining in the war cries.

THERE IS still great reluctance among U.N. diplomats to discuss any aspect of the Stevenson sensation. Much of this is due to the fact that as representatives of governments and as public personages themselves, they know what it means to be subject to cavalier treatment by one's government or misrepresentation by the press.

Indeed, one of the few responses that could be elicited was disapproval of the "shabby" treatment to which the Administration seemed to be subjecting Stevenson and, even more, of the lax security measures that permitted the crisis deliberations of a nation's most secret council to be leaked. "If a man knows that his suggestions will be publicized, how can he be expected to give the President his best advice, which, though it may be unpopular, may be the wisest approach?" asked one delegate.

And there are many at the U.N. who feel that the advice Stevenson was said to have given was the best. The U.N., after all, is an organization dedicated to replace military action with the peaceful settlement of disputes. One U.N. staff member remarked that the reports that Stevenson had pressed for negotiations "enhanced his prestige, if anything."

Practically speaking, however, the extra prestige Stevenson enjoys at the U.N., compared to past American Ambassadors, is due not to his dedication to U.N. principles, his liberalism, or his intellectualism, which are respected, but to the recognition that he has his own national political following in this country and consequently, can not only carry out policy, but influence it. If he is regarded as the most influential delegate at the U.N.—and few would say he isn't—it is not because of his personal charm or refinement, but because he represents one of the two great powers of the world and is believed to be respected enough and politically strong enough at home to influence the course his government will choose in world affairs.

But, always, the primary consideration is the strength of the country represented. Were the representative of, say, Bolivia, one of the most politically powerful men in his country, his importance at the U.N. would not compare with that of the U.S. Ambassador, even if the latter were a political nonentity here. Consequently, when asked for an opinion of Stevenson as head of a delegation, those who are willing to say anything at all preface their observations with "of course he is the representative of the United States."

Given the general recognition of this fact, his performance is broken down according to roles. As a debater he does not get top rating; some put him second to Henry Cabot Lodge in this capacity. And, surprisingly enough for those Americans who for years have admired his eloquence, Stevenson's oratory has been a disappointment to expectant diplomats and journalists at the U.N.

On the plus side, however, he is considered a man of reason, one to whom it is worth talking, because he listens to all sides of a question. Also, many feel that

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the U.S. delegation to the recently concluded 17th Session of the U.N. General Assembly was more successful than any of its predecessors in the kind of behind-the-scenes politicking that lines up votes, gets delegates to abstain on resolutions that go against the interests of the United States, and changes offensive wording or deletes offensive paragraphs from proposed resolutions.

As a man, Stevenson is considered withdrawn. Even some of the top-ranking European delegates are said to find it difficult to break through his barrier of reserve, both socially and professionally. He is not the jovial back-slapper Lodge could be, nor is he seen in the Delegates' Lounge, as Eisenhower's Ambassador was. But the notion that, because he does not frequent the Lounge, other diplomats resent him for being too aloof is a myth perpetrated by a press corps that would like it much better if both the American and Soviet Ambassadors were as easily accessible as other delegates. Zorin was as rare a sight in the Lounge as Stevenson. And even the correspondents admit that no delegate who has business with the American Ambassador has difficulty in getting an appointment.

Adlai Stevenson is not an unqualified success at the U.N., but he is a success. He is thought of as the leader of a politically effective delegation and as a man with a liberal outlook, a sincere belief in the U.N. and a capacity to listen and to respond to new ideas with reason rather than with rigidity. He is also thought to have sufficient domestic political prestige to influence the policies of his government. Because of this, he is probably the most respected representative this country has ever had at the U.N. No one I have encountered there would like to see him replaced.

HENRY G. FAIRBANKS

Setback in Vietnam

A long and inconclusive guerrilla war

THE DEFEAT at Ap Bac on January third, fifty miles southwest of Saigon on the edge of the Plain of Reeds, cannot be whitewashed as a moral victory by the most rabid supporter of U.S. commitment in Vietnam. It cannot be soft-pedaled, either, as "strategic containment" by the blindest slave grinding in the propaganda mills for home consumption.

The ugly fact is that a few hundred Viet Cong entrenched along a canal-side hamlet inflicted a heavy reverse on overwhelmingly superior Vietnamese forces supported by artillery, armored vehicles, rocket-firing helicopters and American advisers. More shocking was the reluctance of Vietnamese infantrymen to attack, occasioning a considerable strain between them and the American advisers. When, after ten hours, the Viet Cong disengaged, carrying their casualties with them, the Vietnamese pursued only half-heartedly. Sixty-five Vietnamese had been killed and more than one hundred wounded; three Americans killed, and ten wounded. Of the fourteen helicopters in the assault force, eleven had been hit by ground fire and five shot down, four of these heavily-armed HU-1A's.

Back in the United States the reaction was immediate and immoderate. Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* wrote: "The lack of a will to fight for their own independence that the Vietnamese displayed at the battle of Ap Bac . . . merits fundamental Administration review of its current policy of military aid to South Vietnam."

Congressmen who applauded much of the State of the Union Message sat on their hands during the President's remarks on Southeast Asia, or complained to interviewers afterwards that Mr. Kennedy had "glossed over" the real situation. A few critics dug into his 1954 files and uncovered a backfiring Kennedy quote: "No amount of military assistance can preserve freedom for people unwilling to die for it." Policy-by-panic could very well turn Ap Bac into a Dienbienphu if, as rumblings in the public stomach portend, opinion is already souring on Vietnam.

Ap Bac was, however, a defeat, not a disaster. Tactical reverses do not necessarily lose wars. Casualties are the high cost of war, which offers no cut-rates and no special discounts. Even conceding some Viet Cong successes since November, the military balance still favors the Vietnamese.

Moreover, by a new *rapprochement* with Montagnard tribesmen, the Government has gained a foothold in the Central Highlands, for the first time since French colonial days. The strategic hamlet program (past the four thousand mark at the beginning of this year) now

HENRY G. FAIRBANKS is Chairman of the Humanities Department at St. Michael's College, Winooski, Vt. He was formerly Smith-Mundt Professor at the University of Saigon.

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seems to have weathered initial resentment and to be paying some of the dividends anticipated: reduction of guerrilla terrorism; peasant confidence in his own capacity to resist, and in the Diem regime to protect him; forcing the Viet Cong out of the jungle and into the field in larger concentrations more vulnerable to the Government's superior equipment. And there have been notable Government victories, too, in the last three months, some more spectacular than the Viet Cong success at Ap Bac.

ACTUALLY, there is no vacillation in Washington policy. From the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense and the Pentagon, the word is still "Go-Go-Go" on Vietnam. Ap Bac has already accelerated recommendations for improving the armament of the HU-1A's and the armor of the H-21's. It may very well precipitate concessions from the Diem administration of the imperative to unknot the political red tape strangling its field commanders. But U.S. faith in Vietnam is unflagging, officially. Nevertheless, there is real danger that Ap Bac may be turned into another Dienbienphu. If that happens, the divisions resulting will, almost certainly, be more tragic than Geneva's severance of North Vietnam from South Vietnam at the Seventeenth Parallel after Dienbienphu. Some ominous fissures, on the fighting front and on the home front, are beginning to appear in the hitherto solid wall of support which has buttressed American policy in Vietnam.

The most telling evidence of this in Vietnam was an incident close in the wake of the miserable showing at Ap Bac. On January fourth, with unmistakably strained patience, American advisers openly abandoned their passive role and their reliance on the Vietnamese by taking matters into their own hands. When an American major on patrol out of Tan Hiep (six miles from Ap Bac) failed to return, a Col. John Paul Vann organized a rescue party of sixty, calling on every American assigned to the Vietnamese Seventh Division to take part. Service personnel, including cooks, volunteered, leaving only the colonel and his radio operator behind at the command post. "I'm not trying to fight this people's war for them," Vann explained. "Our sole reason was to protect that major."

When the rescue party returned to base hours later (the lost major having previously made it back on his own), American newspapers featured the episode with all the cowboy hoopla implicit in the drama of a Western posse riding hell-bent into a fantastic Oriental canyon: "U.S. MILITARY ADVISERS CAPTURE 17 REDS WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT." The press handling displayed unconcealed self-congratulation and undertones of "We'll show 'em how it's done, American-style." But if American prowess had been vindicated, what of the cost to Vietnamese "face" and the loss of that mutual trust vital to Vietnamese-American partnership in the long haul ahead? One is relieved that the major made it home. One admires the *esprit de corps* of his would-be rescuers. But one must be disturbed by the possibility of wider rifts between Vietnamese and Americans after Ap Bac.

Service in Vietnam is undeniably trying, "above and beyond the call of duty." In fact, the morale-sapping nature of the American mission there is the deadliest weapon in Ho-Chi-Minh's arsenal. Nor is it anything like a secret weapon. "Uncle" Ho genially admits it. He has sanguinely indicated that he relies on this for ultimate victory in a war where "situation and terrain" preclude any quick or dramatic win. From his experience in ousting the French from Indo-China he counts on the misery, more than the bloodshed, of a long, inconclusive guerrilla war to wear us down. He does not underestimate us. He simply knows human nature, and Vietnam.

UNDER the circumstances, the straight-from-the-shoulder Ranger from Iowa, gnawed by dysentery, may get a little edgy trying to break the language barrier to get to Vietnamese trainees through half-comprehending native translators. And what of the trainee drafted from his buffalo-ploughed farm near Mytho unused to such direct address, with all his inherited Asian obliqueness and sense of "face"? He can take the sun and the rain, and the dysentery, from centuries of inurement. But there are some things which he cannot take, without smoldering resentment. He probably helped to eject one white "boss" from Vietnam during the dirty Indo-China War. How susceptible must he be, at times of stress and exhaustion, to the fanned suspicion that the green-bereted instructor is just the police bully of a new colonialist? For such is the tune played on the Hanoi Hit-Parade, twenty-four hours a day.

What of Saigon, the storied "Paris of the East"? Does it soothe the G.I.'s aching morale when, furlough bound, he comes up from sweating Soctrang or down from the red mud of Kontum only to find the sidewalk cafes closed and dancing banned by order of chi

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Madame Nhu? (Saigon's women are still *sans pareilles*. No one can resist their charm, least of all, *piastre*-packing Americans.) Small wonder, then, that the story of England, France and Germany re-appears in a Vietnamese edition of "Alienated Affections," with the best-paid soldier in the world metamorphosed to the least-loved ally by playing the game of monopoly for outrageously high stakes.

The G.I. is lonely, understandably. The Vietnamese is proud, naturally. The elements of strain are intrinsically present in the situation. Fortunately for all of us, our fighting-men may weaken under these forces; but they do not crack. They know what to expect; and when it happens, they may be expected to grouse about it in ancient-and-honorable soldierly fashion. On the home front the danger of rift is greater. The civilian public, less informed and less disciplined, has a long case-history of recurrent "demobilitis." Enthusiasm subsists on a strict diet of victory. When casualties mount (to date in Vietnam, fifty-three Americans dead, twenty-six in combat and, of these, ten since the beginning of January), when progress stalls, appetite for involvement falls off. Then prophets of doom and denunciation thunder in the press and Congress sends back the echo magnified.

"On to Hanoi," as "On to Berlin," quickly changes to "Home for Christmas" or that equally popular favorite, "Get the Boys Out of the Foxholes by Next Election." Compound such fickleness with a residual xenophobia or a sub-cutaneous isolationism and—well, you discover that American opinion can be dictated by Ho-Chi-Minh, on his original terms.

IT WOULD be futile to oppose the irrationalism of popular mood only with the facts of the military balance sheet or with the *apologia* which can still be advanced for the Vietnamese record, notwithstanding some disappointments by Diem's leadership—the brilliant promise of '54-'56 when Communism moved menacingly towards the vacuum created by French withdrawal; the unique containment of the galloping inflation endemic to other new Asian governments; the bold programs of land reform and public education. The assertive pragmatism of touchy America-firstism determines the only satisfactory response to such: the appeal to self-interest, hopefully enlightened.

Such an appeal can be given; for the hard facts of the matter dictate our continuing commitment in Vietnam. Col. John P. Vann may have been right in organizing an American patrol to rescue an American major, but he was wrong when he explained that he was not fighting "this people's war." For it is our war, as well as Vietnam's. To be nakedly frank, we are in it up to our necks for our own skin. Disengagement now would imperil our own security, inasmuch as Vietnam is a keystone in the arch of our South-Asian defense. Realistically, we are using Vietnam as an indispensable instrument of our long-range interests, with the absolute minimum of cost and risk for dividends paid. It is a *quid pro quo* exchange, not a chivalrous compact quixotically maintained to our embarrassment.

The "long, inconclusive war" on which Ho-Chi-Minh counts to exhaust our morale is only speciously his trump, to call the cards as he wills. The war must be long and inconclusive for him also. The heavy-industry complex arduously constructed around Hanoi-Haiphong is a hostage in the hands of our bomber bases in Vietnam and our aircraft carriers in the South China Sea. This vulnerability, combined with North Vietnam's currently ambiguous position between Moscow and Peiping, forestalls the likelihood of full-scale invasion across the Parallel.

Ho's prosperity haunts him as much as the dilemma of his dependence. Conceivably even, we might retire to perimeter defense of key cities, after the pattern of declining French fortunes, and still sustain a favorable yield from our investment—though such a situation is unthinkable as strategy and unlikely as eventuality. But the point is that, if such came about, it would be tragic for Vietnam but not fatal to American interests.

A recently captured Communist document (ostensibly a year-end report), dated September 25, 1962, suggests that not all is going as smoothly with Viet Cong operations as Ho's optimism about a "long, inconclusive war" would suggest. Looking ahead, it cautions against underestimating "the enemy." Looking back, we should not make the mistake of over-estimating the enemy. He is not ten-feet tall, even standing on the whirlybirds downed at Ap Bac. For Ap Bac was not the shot heard 'round the world, though wishing might make it so.

The Arrivals

My dead are shining like washed gold.
Like gold from what you will freed:
Cobwebs, mold, rust, the anonymous mud—
and plunged in the icy waver of water
to flash at the hot sun.

They come shining inside a moment
translated only now so long after.
They arrive with the comfort of comrades and a
nimbus of silence.

Accurate and able they shine
in ordinary glory
cleared from the clock's confusion that held them
distant, aghast.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

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Monoliths: Existent and Non-Existent

ONE OF the most familiar and understandable Catholic perplexities about Protestantism is occasioned by the latter's bewildering variety, its multitude of denominations, its internal disagreements, its lack of a single coherent overall structure or theology. The point was vividly illustrated by The Commonweal's Daniel Callahan in his recent *Harper's* article entitled "A Catholic Looks at Protestantism."

If a Catholic wanted to nail ninety-five theses on a Protestant church door, Mr. Callahan asserted, his problem would be to decide on which church door to nail them. Indeed, if a Protestant shared Mr. Callahan's Luther-like urge, he would confront the same dilemma. Should he post his manifesto on an Anglican door? Or a Methodist? Or a Presbyterian? Or a Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Presbyterian Baptist? To complicate matters further, the contents of the theses would have to vary, depending on which door was chosen. Many of the issues raised with the Anglican communion would not be appropriate material for debate with a Presbytery.

When the Catholic, in other words, looks at Protestantism, he sees chaos. Or to use slightly more elevated language, he sees such variations among groups claiming the name of Protestant that he has no way of determining what actually *is* the faith they profess. I discover many Catholics who assume that I accept the teachings of Christian Science, who take for granted that the Jehovah's Witnesses articulate a representative Protestant eschatology, or who do not question the assumption that Mormonism is as typical of Protestant theology as anything else is.

In contrast to this confused and variegated picture, Roman Catholicism presents a united face to the world. Its faith, its doctrine, its worship are all the same everywhere. One can always know what Roman Catholicism is, what it believes, and how it will behave. Or so the argument runs.

Now there are a number of things to be said about this way of looking at the Protestant-Catholic contrast. In what I say about the Protestant side of the coin, I want to presuppose the wrongness and the sin of Protestant disunity and division, and make clear that on other occasions I am quite prepared to fulminate against Protestant divisiveness. But with that understood, at least two further things can also be said.

The first is that if the picture looks chaotic to the outsiders, it has increasingly been recognized as chaotic to the insiders, so much so that the insiders are beginning to bestir themselves about it. The notion that Protestantism is schismatic by its very nature, that i thrives on divisiveness, and that it can continue to exis only by increasing proliferation, is a notion that flies i the face of the facts of the last half-century of Protes tant history.

The significant contemporary Protestant thinking i focused on the problem of reuniting what has bee so tragically divided. The significant events in recen Protestant history have been such things as the merge of three denominations to form the United Church c Canada (1925), the reunion of four denominations t form the Church of South India (1947), and the dozen of mergers within formerly divided denominationa groups, some of the most notable of which have bee among the Lutherans, the Presbyterians and the Meth odists. The four denominations mentioned in the "Blak Proposal" for the reunion of Christ's church (abou which I hope to write on another occasion) are th United Presbyterian Church, the Episcopal Churcl the Methodist Church and the United Church of Chris At the beginning of the century these four denomina tions were eleven in number.

Reunion, in other words, characterizes the mood c contemporary Protestantism. And all that this mood sug gests is vividly symbolized by the existence of the Worl Council of Churches, organized in 1948, which was i self the culmination of the ecumenical impulse of ha a century.

THE OTHER thing that should be borne in mind is a sessing the divided state of modern Protestantism that in many cases the divisions and gaps, regrettable they are, assume less actual significance than they a pear to have. The great numerical bulk of Americ Protestants, for example, are found within a half doz or so denominations, and between these denominatio there is a degree of shared theological conviction th far outweighs the remaining areas of difference.

If one brackets the admittedly thorny issue of t meaning of ordination and the consequent question the proper administration and reception of the sacr ments, it can be asserted that no insuperable theologic differences separate the main bodies of Protesta Christians. While it would be misleading to speak *a* Protestant theological position to which all the churc es are inevitably coming, there is nevertheless an emer ing ecumenical consensus of significant proportions. I deed, where significant differences of theological co viction occur, they are much more likely to be fou

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within a given denomination than across denominational boundaries. The "ecumenical consensus" is best represented by the positions and concerns of the World Council of Churches, and a Catholic who wants to taste the flavor of contemporary Protestantism will find himself better assisted by scanning the World Council publications than by perusing denominational house organs.

The danger in making these points—that present Protestant concern is unitive rather than divisive, and that Protestantism is less divided than it looks—is the danger of appearing smug and complacent about them. But there is enough distance yet between the hopes and the realities to forestall that temptation for yet awhile.

When one turns to the other side of the picture, to the impressive unity that Rome represents in the face of Protestant disunity, he discovers that here too the issues are less simple than they initially appear to be. Having long ago been disabused of the "monolith" view of Catholicism, I must confess that the more I probe, the more surprised I am to discover how much variety actually exists within Roman Catholic walls.

Unity there is, but uniformity there is not. And I am much less sure than I once was that the varieties are found only on the periphery, in the areas of custom, practice and permitted opinions, where the differences are plain for all to see. They are found in the central areas as well.

The definition of a dogma, for example, as I have increasingly discovered, is by no means the end of the matter. It is only the beginning. For a new definition, far from ending questions or differences of interpretations, serves to raise to the fore a new question, namely, "What does the definition mean?" And by no stretch of the imagination does a clear and single answer to this question emerge.

The problem was brought home to me recently when I essayed in print, rather rashly perhaps, to state what the dogma of infallibility "meant," at least as I understood it. Quite promptly I got two responses in the mail. One was from a Catholic who expressed surprise and gratification that a non-Catholic could discern so clearly what the church taught at this crucial point. But before I could preen my theological wings at this recognition of my ecclesiological empathy, I received another letter from another Catholic, who pointed out in all charity that as far as he was concerned, I had completely missed the point. His letter concluded with the statement, "If infallibility meant what you say it means, I couldn't be a Catholic."

Even in so central and crucial an area as this, it would appear that there is far from one opinion within the Catholic Church as to what a given doctrine means." The fact that the next session of the Second Vatican Council may extend the meaning of the definition of infallibility to include the other bishops as well suggests that we have heard far from the last word on this matter. And the increasing influence of Newman and his theory of "development of doctrine" in important Catholic circles suggests that we probably never shall.

Needless to say, I do not cite this assessment of modern Catholicism to deplore it. Indeed, I heartily applaud it. But it does mean that the more I expose myself to Catholic writing and thinking, the less able I am to view the Catholic Church as an institution from whose teaching all ambiguities and differences of opinion have been removed. Professor George Lindbeck, probably our most astute Protestant observer of the Catholic scene, recently remarked in *Cross Currents* that "even moderately liberal Lutherans are likely to treat their own professedly reformable Confessions as in fact more definitive" than certain Catholic theologians consider the supposedly irreformable decisions of Chalcedon or Trent.

All this may be old hat to intelligent Catholics who realize full well that no doctrinal statement can ever contain the whole truth of the mystery it seeks to illumine. But if it is, this fact and the others cited above suggest that the familiar distinction between Catholicism as the uniform bearer of unambiguous truth, and Protestantism as the divisive bearer of fragments of distorted truth, is a less useful distinction than it initially appears to be. ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN

(Dr. Brown, who contributes a regular column to these pages, is Professor of Religion at Stanford.)

THE STAGE

Plumbing the Shallows

TOWARD THE end of "Waiting for Godot" Estragon remarks to his companion, "We always find something, eh Didi, to give us the impression we exist?" To which Vladimir replies (impatiently, Beckett indicates) "Yes, yes, we're magicians." In the face of Arthur Miller's long silence and Tennessee Williams' disappearance into the mists of Nirvana, it is William Inge to whom the American theater-goer must increasingly look for the impression that he or she exists. Inge is a good man for the job, a real professional who always manages to find something or other in his bag, some emotion or other, some domestic or country passion or other—the point about giving an impression of existence is that the elements that go into it are interchangeable.

The impression of existence afforded by Inge's latest play is built around the conflict between maternal feeling and responsibility, the "natural affection" of the title, and sexual feeling, which as we all know is not to

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be thought of as natural in present-day America. That conflict is the center of the play, the thing that satisfies the textbooks, but of course Inge knows how to give an impression of complexity, too, the thing that satisfies the newer textbooks. So he has spliced in a number of subsidiary thematic strands, including such sure-fire impression-givers as "human loneliness," the failure of communication and the jockeying for dominance that goes on between men and women who earn unequal amounts of money.

The play is rich in the impression of a robust, flavorsome, accurate speech, such as is ordinarily to be overheard between the head lingerie buyer for a Chicago department store, a woman in her late thirties with a long since vanished husband and a son away at reform school, and the slightly younger foreign-car salesman who is living with her. There is a wonderfully convincing impression of life swirling between these two, gay, hard-nosed, sentimental by turns, and only after this has been brilliantly established is the deeper impression—that of life's unfathomably sorrowful dilemmas—allowed to supervene.

The one selected by Mr. Inge this time, the aforesaid conflict between a mother's heart and a mistress's, leads straight to disaster, than which there is nothing better calculated to give a jim-dandy impression of existing with all stops out. The boy comes home, and since there is only one bathroom and one crisp end to the roast-beef—incontrovertibly hard facts we all face at one time or another—presents his mother with a choice. If she keeps the boy she will lose her lover (he is waiting for the chance to open his own Cadillac agency before proposing marriage, since the fact that he is from an inferior ethnic group—the name is Slovenk, as in Kowalski—naturally has to be obliterated through chromium and much horsepower before wedding bells can be allowed to sound); if she opts for the latter, the boy will have to go back to the reform school, which, we have been made to know, is no Summerhill. Why the trio couldn't have simply moved to a larger apartment, since space seems to be at the heart of the tragedy, is never satisfactorily answered.

At any rate, the tragedy is there and will be heard. After much backing and filling, the woman finally chooses the boy-friend, announcing her decision in a speech which for its impression of a tragic dimension to existence has seldom been surpassed, even by this magician: "I'm not going to throw away the rest of my life on a smelly, rotten, dirty kid I never wanted in the first place." From then on fate works itself out in a majestic simulation of fate working itself out. The rejected boy descends to the level whereon all men who do not have the impression of being loved are to be found; he commits a senseless murder, shocking the audience and, presumably, his mother when she finds out, into an awareness of how necessary it is to keep up impressions.

The cast of this entertaining movie is remarkably good. Kim Stanley, who used to be an actress before she became an Actress, handles the woman's part with Pavlovian ease and security: tears, blowsiness, camaraderie, maternal concern, the torments of being the head buyer when your inamorata is only a Volkswagen salesman, all exhibit themselves on schedule and with precision. Harry Guardino is properly Ingean as the dumb but sharp, tough but good-hearted boyfriend Gregory Rozakis plays the son with commendable belief in his reality. And Tom Bosley, as an aging neighbor who is representative of another sort of failure in love and to whom are entrusted certain central profundities of Inge's dramatic vision, best expressed in the lines "Life is miserable . . . everything is crazy and mixed up," appeals strongly to our sense of the roundedness of the occasion.

"Natural Affection" will make you know you are alive and that life is a damned serious matter. That is to say it will do these things if, like the majority of the theater goers of America, you have no other way of finding out.

(*At the Booth*) RICHARD GILMAN

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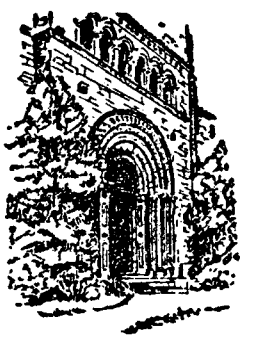

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THE SCREEN

Any Day a War Ends

THE popularity of films and TV programs about wa continues. Most of them now (with the possible ex ception of "The Longest Day," which is impressiv mainly for its spectacular scope and logistics) have special angle or gimmick that is presented against war background—like last year's "The Pigeon That Too

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Rome," "No Man Is an Island," "The Counterfeit Traitor" and those two films about fighters who actually enjoy war: "The War Lover" and "War Hunt." The latest addition to this cycle is the William Perlberg-George Seaton production of "The Hook," which is not so much a war movie as it is a movie about men confronted with problems in war.

Although "The Hook" doesn't answer all of its own questions, it presents them interestingly and builds up a suspense that is absorbing right to the finale. During the Korean War, on a neutral freighter captained by a Finn, three American GI's are stuck with a North Korean prisoner who, the ship captain insists, must share their cabin. When a South Korean major radios instructions to get rid of the prisoner, the American sergeant (Kirk Douglas) orders the younger private (Robert Walker) to kill him. After not too much soul-searching, this sensitive private, who says "It's not right," refuses—in spite of the sergeant's reply: "If I say to do it, it's right." But Walker is adamant in his disobedience. So the sergeant orders the other private (Nick Adams), a near-alcoholic who has long been in the sergeant's power, to shoot the prisoner.

What happens after Walker and Adams fail in their attempt to let the prisoner escape and after the sergeant himself is unable to kill this man, with whom they've been sharing a cabin day after day, makes for fascinating movie material. George Seaton has directed his cast well. Kirk Douglas is properly tough as the veteran sergeant who doesn't want anything to spoil his good record, but who proves he's not really an ogre when the test is put to him. Nick Adams plays with conviction the role of the stooge who thinks he owes everything to the sergeant, but even he will not commit murder for the man who acts as if he owns him.

It is in the relationship between these two men that the script, written by Henry Denker from *L'Hamecon* by Vahe Katcha, is at its weakest: what the sergeant has done to this drink-soaked private is almost unforgivable, and this aspect of the story detracts considerably from its universality. Some of the script's other contrivances are also obvious, especially the simultaneous news of the armistice and the escape of the prisoner who tries to blow up the freighter. But the film's assets outweigh its faults. The performance of Robert Walker (son of Jennifer Jones and the late Robert Walker, whom the young man greatly resembles) is excellent as the private who pleads for the prisoner. Stirring, in a different way, is the Philippine actor, Enrique Magalona, as the Korean prisoner whose silence and handsome eyes also plead for his life. Actually the whole of "The Hook" is a plea—for understanding, for morality and responsibility even in wartime, and for the end of war. The film's final shot is reassuring—with the three Americans on deck admiring the weather after all the excitement: "Any day a war ends is a nice day."

NO DOUBT Anthony Perkins is a big enough star to choose his own roles, and no doubt he knows what he's doing; but it seems to me he's playing the same part over and over. Once again, in "Five Miles to Midnight," he's the same gawky, somewhat charming, immature young man who is almost as psychotic as he was in "Psycho." The main difference is he's now married to Sophia Loren; but why she stays with him is never made clear throughout this lengthy thriller. Shortly after the picture's beginning, she announces her intention of divorcing Tony; and just at that point she reads of the crash of his plane, with all aboard being killed. Needless to say, Sophia is shocked when Tony turns up shortly after the funeral and explains how he escaped the crash. She has greater cause to be shocked, however, when her husband insists she collect the $120,000 insurance money due her as a widow.

Since Anatole Litvak produced and directed "Five Miles to Midnight," it is not without some merit. Most of the action is set in and around Paris which is nicely photographed, and the scenes with sneaky Perkins hiding in their apartment and on the roof while escaping the housekeeper and the inquisitive boy next door have a certain suspense—as do the episodes showing Sophia submitting to the involved details of collecting the insurance and cashing the check. The whole thing gets rather repetitive as it harps on the single note, and the introduction of Gig Young, as a suitor for the merry widow, doesn't relieve the monotony much. It's hard to believe that Peter Viertel wrote this inane screenplay. It's harder still to believe that Sophia Loren, who looks more wonderful than ever, would have put up for so much as one minute with Perkins—either before or after his "death."

THE ultimate in the hard-to-believe department is "Diamond Head," a cheesy melodrama set in the fiftieth state and involving a lot of people who should have known better. Its plot, stemming from the novel by Peter Gilman, centers on Charlton Heston, who owns most of one island as well as a lot of horses, cattle and pineapples, and a mistress (France Nuyen) who makes him furious when she becomes pregnant. His sister (Yvette Mimieux) makes him furious too, because she's going to marry a half-native (James Darren). When he's killed, Yvette goes on a long drunken bat, but finally succeeds in making her brother still more furious by marrying a full-native (George Chakiris). Since most audiences won't stick around to see how all this ends several hours later, I should add that Heston finally gets some sense and stops being furious about racial problems that are too big for him anyway. Although the characters in "Diamond Head" are more than a little discouraging, the scenery in our newest state, as displayed in this color photography, is magnificent.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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Provocative Critics and a Wayward, Forceful Poet

EETI: eec. E. E. Cummings and the Critics. Edited by S. V. Baum. Michigan State University Press. $7.50.

by Richard McLaughlin

AMERICA lost one of its most wayward and forceful poets when Edward Estlin Cummings died last year. A gadfly among his contemporaries—for Cummings was never happier than when he was in the center of some controversy—he was rightly described by Harriet Monroe as "agile and outrageous as a faun, and as full of delight over the beauties and monstrosities of this brilliant and grimy old planet." But, of course, that was back in 1923, when his first book of poems, *Tulips and Chimneys,* was published.

Since then the faun turned into an incorrigibly cranky satyr, and the term "outrageous" stuck closer than ever to his reputation. Indeed, Mr. S. V. Baum suggests in his introduction that it is Cummings' ineluctable and uniquely "outrageous" self who made this rousing symposium of "butting and rebutting" critics possible.

Though not originally intended as a memorial, the collection has, I think, just the animus Cummings would like to have seen preside as the curtain came down on his career. Avowing that the "blunt purpose in this book is controversy," Mr. Baum has made a special effort to reprint only pieces that make exciting reading. In other words, whether the critics in this distinguished company (Edmund Wilson, Stark Young, R. P. Blackmur and Yvor Winters head a formidable phalanx) blow hot or cold, they are very seldom, if ever, stodgy.

Yet, oddly enough, as Mr. Baum is quick to remark, few poets have been less lampooned, though deserving it more than the archinnovator Cummings. No qualified parody of him exists outside of Babette Deutsch's sprightly review-parody which appeared in *The Nation* in 1941. Making full use of his skittish typographical affectations in order to admonish him for never having grown up, Miss Deutsch set the tone to a charge that has remained valid with the opposition throughout the years.

While some critics were busy fulminating and scoffing, never missing an opportunity to cite Cummings' use of lower-case type and eccentric punctuation as "a symptom of his immaturity as an artist," the years following the publication of *Poems 1923-1954* were filled with the bustling activity of a growing band of his enthusiasts. His linguistic accomplishments in using the modern-day idiom of the man in the street were lauded; the irresponsible *enfant terrible* was overlooked and the funnyman, the deliberate showman, was encouraged.

The notion that E. E. Cummings was a haphazard and artless poet was challenged by Norman Friedman in 1960. Mr. Friedman saw "a real development in Cummings' vision, his handling of a characteristic poetic form, his use of language, and his skill of technique. . . ."

Perhaps the liveliest section in the book is the "critical round robin" that Mr. Baum has assembled to discuss "Anti-Semitism and E. E. Cummings." Alex Jackinson poses the question and with a nice objectivity lays special stress on the point that the poet's name-calling is not unreasonable, considering that much of his poetry springs from the nomenclature "of the gutter." Ludwig Lewisohn dismisses the accusation of Cummings' anti-Semitism with a disdainful shrug and says of him that "fundamentally he is nothing."

Others, like Stanton A. Coblentz, have been so incensed by what they call Cummings' "rabid anti-Semitism" that they have almost succeeded in outstripping him in sheer invective. In a bitterly protesting letter to Mrs. Hugh Bullock, president of the Academy of American Poets, Mr. Coblentz is quoted as saying that Cummings' work "represents the sad effluvia of an addled mind." And in his official retort to Mr. Jackinson's comments he adds still further abuse: "Cummings is an affected mouther of inanities, whose work has no more relationship to poetry than the barking of my dog has to an aria sung by Caruso." The more charitable decision is handed down, however, by Charles I. Glicksberg who, confessing to a personal dislike of Cummings' poetry, has to admit that he can not see any "anti-Semitic virus" in it.

I, for one, am inclined to go along with Alex Jackinson when he concludes that "whatever the final judgment on his gifts or limitations as a poet, Cummings is undeniably one of our outstanding satirists." One can, for example, scarcely pass through Cambridge, Mass., without calling to mind his impish lines:

"The Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls. . . .
They believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead."

A Leisurely Novel

A Multitude of Sins. By J. A. Cudden Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

by William James Smith

MATTHEW Garrard, at thirty-six leaves a Carthusian monastery in France and returns to his upper-class English world in London. After several happy years as a monk, he feels he has lost his vocation, though not his faith. At home are his father a distinguished retired general now engaged in writing on military subjects, and his mother, a woman moving discontentedly and unhappily into old age.

The general is Catholic, his wife is not. They have drifted apart through the years and Matthew's religious life has contributed to their gradual estrangement. His return further exacerbates it because he declines to return to a life in "the City" and marriage with the attractive young woman with whom he had earlier had an affair.

Instead, Matthew exasperates hi

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nother by becoming a volunteer worker in a Catholic Worker-type establishment among London's poor and socially outcast. Here he meets an ex-priest who deeply influences his life and an evil "intellectual newsvendor," who deeply influences the lives of all of them. Through some rather old-fashioned plotting, the exnonk and the apostate priest end up in love with the same girl. The outcome, to give it its due, is unexpected and even rather exciting.

Mr. Cudden faces the classic difficulty of writing about "good" people. They are not very interesting. One Becky Sharp, after all, is worth ten Amelia Sedley's dramatically. Mr. Cudden's bad people, like the malevolent newsvendor, and the "neural" general and his wife in the midst of their marital difficulties, come off better than his hero, Matthew, who is not only good but a sanctimonious prig throughout the greater part of the novel. When, at the end of the story he is humanized into a man with deep spiritual problems of his own, it is, alas, too late to do more than share his mother's impatience with him.

A *Multitude of Sins* is a leisurely book, an old-fashioned one in more ways than its plot, which rests largely on the implausible encounter. It has something that we used to call "description" in the old days. It's a pleasant thing to find an author who doesn't try to put the whole scene into a couple of terse adverbs and one stunningly flat adjective. It's nice to meet words like gracile and falcate even if you don't know what they mean.

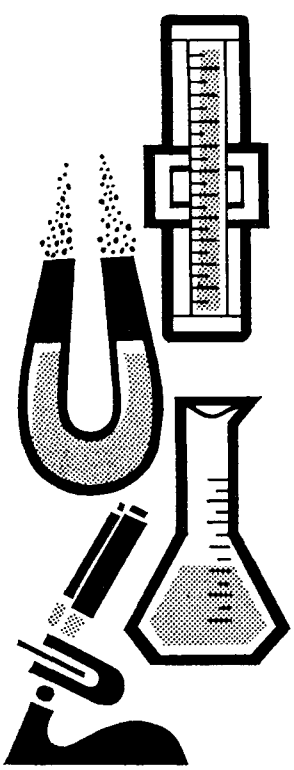
It's nice, too, to meet an author who thinks the surface of the river is sufficiently interesting to comment on verbally instead of leaving the job to the cameraman. I do wish, however, that Mr. Cudden's characters would not "dither" crucial lines or "recoil" at revelations. Still and all, the dialogue itself is crisp and convincing and the range of character and style throughout the book is considerable.

Mr. Cudden is an interesting newcomer to the galaxy of "Catholic" writers. He is not a Graham Greene or a *Muriel Spark or Flannery* O'Connor, whose explorations of grotesque moral situations offend so many Catholics and non-Catholics too. There is nothing mealy-mouthed about him, however, and in his own way he is interested in the bizarre and satanic.

He will offend fewer people, but I expect he will intrigue fewer. His approach to the problems of faith is certainly not pietistic. Matthew does indeed lose his faith in the course of the novel, and no facile solution to his dilemma is offered to console the reader who is looking for a happy ending. To be sure, the renegade priest returns to the fold and the simple non-believer trudges up the hill to the monastery at the end, having found the peace that evades Matthew. There is even a "deathbed" salvation of melodramatic proportions.

A Multitude of Sins on the whole is a fairly special book in terms of its Catholic preoccupations and it does not quite succeed, despite its verisimilitude and its technical skills, in convincing us that the people involved in its story are real and not mere illustrations of spiritual predicaments.

first things first



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Scorn, Not Sympathy

Through the Hoop. By Michel Del Castillo. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.95.

by Anita Feldman

MICHEL Del Castillo is a young Spanish writer who was born in Madrid in 1933 and has been living in Paris since 1953. His first, autobiographical book, *A Child of Our Time*, dealt with a boyhood spent in concentration camps in France and Germany, and in a Spanish reform school. *Through the Hoop*, titled *Le Manège Espagnol* in the original edition, is his third book.

The setting of *Through the Hoop* is Spain in 1959, and its subject matter is largely that of social satire. Its characters, for the most part, are presented in a manner that engages the reader's scorn rather than his sympathies; they are moved almost entirely by self-interest or by boredom, and it is these motivations which account for their treatment of the book's central figure, Carlos Sanchez, a young student who believes he has seen God, as either a saint, or a Communist agent, or a madman.

Satire is usually written from the point of view of a specially privileged witness of vice or folly, and should maintain, to be effective, the sense of an embarrassing exactitude of observation. The point of view of *Through the Hoop* is more like that of a child trying to construct a fantasy which will account for the arbitrary malevolence of the grownups' world, a malevolence of which he is not the witness, but the victim. Its scheming priests, grasping prelates, silly society women, vicious gossips, are constructed rather than observed, and in this sense seem to spring from the same impulse as the dressed-up dwarfs in Vigo's *Zero de Conduite*, or Genet's archetypical queens, bishops, lieutenant-generals and judges. But their hollowness is not quite frightening or ludicrous enough; they seem simply stilted and overgeneralized.

There are, however, individual passages of successfully comic irony in which the machinations of the characters produce results which are

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entirely contrary to their intentions, or in which the grotesqueness is so exaggerated as to reach heights of real comic invention. One is a scene in which Carlos' room is exorcised by a priest who uses a cigarette lighter in the absence of a candle, and a passage from the *Commentaries* instead of the exorcism, parading around the room in the company of a rich old lady who believes Carlos really is a saint.

Another is a passage in which the Governor, who has sacrificed Carlos for his own ends, promises himself to reflect further upon the possibility that there is no social justice in Spain, because he is excluded from the parties to which his socially ambitious wife aspires. The scenes of Carlos' young sister's disillusionment are moving and direct, and Carlos' death scene, too, transcends the rather literary, Dostoevskian atmosphere of his final revelations.

The translation is flat-footed, and disturbingly English, rather than American, in idiom. The phrase, "Mais, enfin!" is translated "But dash it all!" (What makes this especially discomfiting is that the line is attributed to the one American character in the book.) And the phrase which is used to translate the title itself suggests the gayety of circus ponies, whereas the word *manège* is used also to refer to a contraption which uses animal labor to work machinery. Somehow this idea seems more appropriate in its implications than the title indicates.

REVIEWERS

Richard McLaughlin, who contributes reviews and criticism to The Commonweal and other magazines, is a Massachusetts newspaperman.

William James Smith, a regular contributor, is a free-lance journalist and critic, at present working on a novel.

Anita Feldman is a free-lance writer living in New York.

Coming Special Issues
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April 19

Who Will Win?

The National Book Awards are presented annually for the most distinguished books of fiction, of non-fiction, and of poetry written by American citizens and published in the U.S. in the preceding year. From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1963 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:

FICTION

PALE FIRE *by Vladimir Nabokov* Putnam's
SHIP OF FOOLS *by Katherine Anne Porter* Atlantic-LB
THE GOLDEN SPUR *by Dawn Powell* Viking
MORTE D'URBAN *by J. F. Powers* Doubleday
GOING AWAY *by Clancy Sigal* Houghton Mifflin
PIGEON FEATHERS *by John Updike* Knopf

Judges: Elizabeth Hardwick, Harry Levin, Gore Vidal

NON-FICTION

SILENT SPRING *by Rachel Carson* Houghton Mifflin
HENRY JAMES Vols. 2 and 3 *by Leon Edel* Lippincott
O'NEILL *by Arthur and Barbara Gelb* Harper & Row
CONTEMPORARIES *by Alfred Kazin* Little, Brown
THE ROTHSCHILDS *by Frederic Morton* Atheneum
CHEKHOV *by Ernest J. Simmons* Atlantic-LB
JOHN ADAMS Vols. 1 and 2 *by Page Smith* Doubleday
THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by Barbara Tuchman* Macmillan
PATRIOTIC GORE *by Edmund Wilson* Oxford

Judges: William L. Laurence, Walter Lord, Harry T. Moore

POETRY

FOR LOVE *by Robert Creeley* Scribner's
THE DRAWBRIDGE *by Donald F. Drummond* Alan Swallow
IN THE CLEARING by Robert Frost Holt
THANK YOU AND OTHER POEMS *by Kenneth Koch* Grove
THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM *by Howard Nemerov* Chicago
ALL MY PRETTY ONES *by Anne Sexton* Houghton Mifflin
COLLECTED POEMS *by Winfield Townley Scott* Macmillan
TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARK *by William Stafford* Harper & Row
PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL *by William Carlos Williams* New Directions

Judges: Rolfe Humphries, Henry Rago, Reed Whittemore

Prizes, of $1000 to each winner, are donated by the sponsors, the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute. The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association.

Who will win in '63?
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